Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruit,
As maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that shee were, O that shee were
An open & catera, and thou a Poperin Peare.
Romeo good-night Ile to my Truckle-bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we goe?

Ben. Goe then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Ro. He iests at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breakes?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne.
Arise faire Sunne and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maide art farre more faire then shee:
Be not her maide since shee is enuious,
Her vestall liuerie is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my loue, O that shee knew shee were,
Shee speakes yet shee sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am to bold tis not to me shee speakes:
Two of the faireſt starres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines, doe entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their spheres till they returne,
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those starres,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how shee leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.

Iuli. Ay me

Rom. Shee speakes.

Oh

Oh speake againe bright Ange
As glorious to this night bein
As is a winged Messenger of H
Vnto the white vp-turned won
Of Mortals that fall backe to g
When he bestrides the lazie pu
And sayles vpon the bosome of

Iuli. O *Romeo, Romeo,* whe
Denie thy father and refuse thy
Or if thou wilt not, be but swo
And ile no longer be a *Capulet.*

Rom. Shall I heare more, or

Iuli. Tis but thy name that
Thou art thy selfe, though not a
What's *Mountague*? it is nor ha
Nor arme nor face, O be some
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? that which w
By any other word would smell
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Ro*
Retayne that deare perfection w
Without that title, *Romeo* doff
And for thy name which is no p
Take all my selfe.

Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be ne
Hence-forth I neuer will be *Rom*

Iuli. What man art thou, that t
So stumblest on my counsell?

Ro. By a name, I know not how
My name deare Saint is hatefull
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare th

Iuli. My eares haue yet not dr
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I kn
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Moun*

Rom. Neither faire Maide, if